

TIMPANOGOS

Wonder mountain of the Rockies
Fairer peak in all the Masatch;
Utah's masterpiece in nature
Famed as these in Timpanogos,
Formed at rugged crags and chasms,
Barren slopes and wooded hollows,
Sun-kist ridges, shadowed canyons,
Snowy wastes and fields of flowers;
Bearing on her slopes the climates
Both of summer and of winter;
Flowers blooming on her foothills,
On her crest and arctic glacier,
Through the groves of stately pine trees,
Winds of time are softly blowing,
Laden with the scent of balsam
And the sweet perfume of flowers;
Bearing, too, the strains of song birds
And the sound of purling waters.
All the wonder words of nature
Are upheld on Timpanogos,
So that nothing intervening
Can obstruct this wondrous vision.
There we watch the passing seasons,
Bloom of spring and green of summer,
Tint of flaming leaves of autumn,
White expanse of snow in winter.
Old as time is Timpanogos;
Years that pass change not her contour;
All our lives but fleeting moments
In her life of slow erosion.
Changeless--yet, but ever changing,
New designs of cloud and sunshine
Changing patterns of her snowfields,
Changing hues with every season.
Every breeze is freshly scented,
On her lakes the sheen of silver.
Ere reflects from changing waters.
Varied to her inspirations,
Changing are the thoughts she brings us.
Ever as our lives are altered,
So her beauty palls, or thrills us,
And we find her as a mirror
Showing us our souls reflection;
Beautiful when our lives are tranquil
Rendered dim by our debasement,
Knowing well the mountains splendor
Cannot change but in our fancy,
Then if we can keep her wondrous,
So our lives will find contentment.
In our hearts will be the beauty,
That we see on Timpanogos.